Fiction

'POSSUM SKETCHES,

Zeb White, He Tells a Story of the

AARON IN THE WILD WOODS

THE STORY OF A SOUTH ERN SWAMP

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

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What Chanky Riley Saw and Heard Left alone, Chunky Biley stood still and tried to trace in his mind the route he and Aaron had followed in coming from the Swamp. But he could make no men tal map- and he knew every "nigh-cut and by-path for miles around-that would fit in with the time it had taken them to reach the spot where he now stood. He looked back toward the Swamp, but the ing. Then he looked around tain, to se if he knew his present whereabouts. Oh yes, that was easy; every foct of ground

The hill on which he had stood had been given over to serub pines. The fall itself sloped away to the Tumer old fields But still be was puzzled, and still be scrutched his head, for he knew that the Swamp was a good four miles away-nearly five—and it seemed to him that he and Auron had not been more than ten minutes in making the journey. Solve reratered his head and wondered to himself whether Aaron was really a "conjur

It was perhaps very lucky for Changs Riley that he stopped when he did. If

fumble around. It's some different with me. If I don't catch your nigger, you but-ten up your pocket. If I do catch him, you pay me \$30 down, not fer catching him, but fer knowing how to fumble around and eatch bim."

The logic of this argument, which was altogether lost on Chunky Riley, silenced Mr. Gossett, but did not convince him. There was a long pause, as if all three of the men were wrestling with peculiar thoughts. Finally Mr. Goosett spoke:

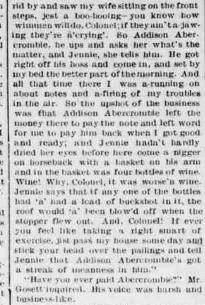
"It ain't to much the nigger I'm after, but I want to show Abererombie that I can't be outdone. He's hughing in his sleeve because I can't keep the higger at home, and I'll be blamed" here his voice sank to a confidential tone. "I'll be blamed if I Cou't believe that, betweenhim and that on of his, they are harboring the nigger Yes, sir, bart oring is the word."

Mr. Jim Singnons threw down his lighted cigar with such energy as to cause the sparks to fly in all directions. A cigar was an Har bexury to Mr. Simmons, and he had had enough of it.

"Addition Abercromble harboring a nig ger" exclaimed Mr Simmons. "Why, Colonel, if every man, woman and child in the United States was to tell me that I wouldn't believe it. Addnon Abercromble! Why, Colonel, through you're his next-door neigh tor, you may say, you don't know him half at cell as I co. You ought to get acquainted

Humph! I know bim well enough, ! reckon," responded Mr. Gossett, "I went to school with him. Folks get to know one another at school. He was always stack up, trying to hold his head highe than anybody else because his daddy had money and a big plantation. I made my prop'ty myself; I carned every dollar, and I know how it came."

"But, Colonell" Mr. Jim Simmons in sisted, "Addison Abercrombie would hold he had kept on he would have run into the his head high if he never seen a dollar, of three men who were going along and he'd have the right to do it. Him the plantation puth that led from Gossett's | harbor Giggers? Shucks, Colonel! You



"I was laying off to catch this nigger of ours, and pay him some on account," re-"Why, it has been three years since you

mid me," suggested Mr. Gossett. "Two years, or sech a matter," remarked Mr. Simmons, complacently.

"Then, that's the reason you think After cromble ain't barbering my nigger?" inquired Mr. Gossett, scornfully.
"But, Colonel," drawled Mr. Simmons, what under the sun ever got the idee into your head that Addison Abercrombie is

harboring your nigger?" "It's as simple as a-b, ab," Mr. Gessett replied with energy. "He tried to buy the nugger off the block and couldn't, and now he thinks I'll sell if the nigger'll day in the woods long enough. That's the reason be's barboring the nurger. And more than that, don't I know from my ow niggersthat the yalierrap scallion comes here every chance be gets? He comes, but he don't go in the nigger quarters. Now.

where does he go?"
"Yes, where?" said Mr. Gossett's son George, who up to that moment had taken no part in the conversation. "Three times his mouth I've dealt out an extra exsher of bar on to two of our hands, and they fell the same tale."

"It looks quare." Mr. Simmons admitted 'but as sure you're born Addison Aber cromble ain't the man to haiber a runn wa-If he's ever had a tager in the woods it's more'n I know, and when that's the case you may set it down for a fact that he don't believe in rimaway piggers." This was a lame argument, but it was the best tent Mr. Simmons could muster at the

"No," remarked Mr. Gossett, sarcasti cally, "his neggers con't take to the woods because they do as they blamed please at lome. It sets my teeth on edge to see the waythings are run on this plantation. Why, I could take the stuff that's flung away ere and get rate on it in five years. It's a scandal?

"I believe you," assented his son George dutifully.

Chunky Riley heard this conversation by snatenes, but he caught the drift of it. What he remembered of it was that some of his fellow-servants were ready to tell all they knew for an extra "rasher" meat, and that the hant for Aaron would begin the next morning-and it was now getting along toward dawn. He wanted to warn Aaron again. He wanted especially to tell Aaron that three men were sitting on the fence waiting for him. But this was impossible. The hour was approaching when Chunky Riley must be in his cabin on the Gossett plantation ready to go to work with the rest of the hands. He had stept soundly the first half of the night, and he would be as fresh in who had stept the pight through. As he turned away from the fence a dog in the path leading from the spring to the stile suddenly began to bay. The men tried to drive him away, and one of them threw a stick at him, but the dog refused to be intimidated. He bayed them more flercely, ping occasionally to back at the men on

"If I'm not mistaken," remarked Mr. cromble is as fine a man as ever trod know his voice, and he's been missing ever since that nigger went to the woods wonder if he's taken up over here George, I wish you'd make it convenient to come over here as soon as you can, and find out whether Rambler is here Now, there's a dog. Simmons, that's away ahead of anything you've got in the shape of a nigger dog-nose as cold as ice, and as much sense as the common run of folks."

'He ain't doing you much good," re plied Mr. Simmons.

"That's a fact." said Mr. Gossett Till I heard that dog barking I thought Rambler had been killed by that nigger Chunky Riley struck into the planta tion noth leading to Gossett's right at the point where the three men had ties their borses. They had riddden as far as they thought prudent, considering the errand they were on, and then they disnounted and made their horses fast to the overhanging limbs of a clump of oaks, which, for some reason or other had been left standing in the field. of the horses whinnied when Chunky Riley came near, and the negro paused Agron would have known that the horse said, "Please take me home, and be pulck about it; I'm hungry;" but Chunky Riley could only guess. And as he guesses a thought struck him-a thought that de him scratch his head and chuckle He turned in his tracks, west back along the path a little way, and listened Then he returned and the horse whinnied again. The creature was growing impatient.

Once more Chunky Riley indulged in hearty laugh, slapping himself softly on the leg. Then he went to the horses one by one, pulled down the swinging limbs to which their bridle reins were fastened and untied them. This done, he proceeded to make himself "mighty skace," as he expressed it. Be started toward home at a rapid trot, without pausing to listen. But ven without listening, he could hear the horses coming after him, Mr. Simmons' forse with the others.

The faster he trotted the faster the horses trotted, and when Chunky Riley began to run the horses broke into a gallop, and came clattering along the path after him. their stirrups flying wildly about, and making a clamor that Chunky Riley had not bargained for.

Fortunately for Chunky Riley there was a fence a tthe point where the path developed into a lane. Over this he climbed and fell exhausted, fully expecting the horses to climb over or break through and trample him with their feet. But his expectations were not realized; the horses galloped along the lane, and presently be could hear then clattering along the big road toward Gos sett's. Chunky Riley was exhausted as well as terror-stricken. The perspiration rolled from his face, and he could hear his heart beat. He lay in the roft grass in the fence corner until he had recovered somewhat from his exertions and his fright. Finally he

come, then toward the big road, and shook his head. "Did anybody ever see de beat er dat" he exclaimed. Whereupon he went through the woods,

rose, looked back along the way he had

to me, he sez: instead of going by the road, and was soon in his cabin frying his ration of bacon " What fur?" (To be continued.)

switch yo' and hev music while the I vhas going to make more ash ten tousand cabin is burnin'.'

I vhas going to make more ash ten tousand seventeen times! Den I shall knock him "'Abe Rayner, yo' go on and don't fule with me or it'll be the wass for

Fun, Fancy and licked him with a switch till I was tired. Then I sent fur some of the gang

by yo'self?"
I did, sah.

Civil War. ... Yere it ar'.' I had been trading war stories with Zeb White, the 'possim hunter of Tennessee, as we sat at a table together and smoked his head and sez

our pipes, when he said:
"What made it bad for our wimmen folks yere durin' the wah was the guerillas, who used to gosloshin' about and robbin' and burnin' both sides alike. In this nay burhood was a feiler named Abe Raynor, who had about twenty men with him, and he did nothin' but ride about and bluff and rob the wimmen. Now and then, as in the case of my ofe woman, he found somebody who'd stand right up and defy him, but befor he got through with it he driv most everybody out and left the cubins on fire belitted 'em. After my ole woman had defied him two or three times, he got mad and swore he'd drive her out at any cost and jest about that time I got a furlough

and come home.
"When I heard what Abe had been up to, I wanted to heat him down right away, but he was purrendin' to be a good Confederate, and it wouldn't jest do to kill him off. I thought over it for a while, and then; of a plan. One day when I Leard be was down at the Corners with his going I had the ole woman diess me up in her cio hes and then sent her off up stairs to hice. That to whishers in them days, and when I for dressed up in Dranie clothes I didn't 'pear much like a man. I was at work in the kitchen when a gang of a dozen guerrillus rode up to the cabir and Ale Bayrorgot off his hosward kicked the door open and yelled -'Hello thar', ole wen an! Do yo' want

to pack up any of yo'r traps belo' I sot fire to the house?" " 'What's the row?' sez I, as I goes to

the door. " 'We've come to burn yo' out."

What fur?"

" 'Jest to keep our hand in?" 'Ent 'm fur the Fouth, and my ole man is in Gueral Lee's army. Reckon yo dasn't burn no cabins over the heads of good Confederates."

He said it dien't make to difference to din, kase he was a tagger man than Gineral Lee, and his plan was to burn all the galons around year, so as to disappoint the Yankees if they not up so int. I begged turn not to burn me out, bothe only laughed

me. Bime-by I sex -'Abe Raynor, I'm teokin' for my ole man on a forlengh, and if he finds this cabin gone, he'll bunt yo' down." "Zeb White couldn't bunt down a rab

bit!" sez he, as he laughs in my face. 'Mebbe yo' don't know him-

Mebbe 1 do, and if he was yere I'd past him to a tree by his cars, and he'd cry like a child. It' yo' wants to save anythin' from this house your better bemighty spry, kase we coult stand yere all day chimin with a woman."

" Abe Raynor, see I. I'm only a pore, weak woman, but i'm the wife of Zeb White, who kin whop any man in this yere kentry. Seems like yo' orter be willin' to gin' me a staw." 'What sort of a show?

"Till markle yo' single handed, and if I can't flop yo' bus cabin may burn. If yo ain't a coward ye'll gin me a slow." 'I ato't a fightin' of wimmin,' he sez,

as his men begon to laugh. "Then yo're afeared of me?" "That roused bin up, jest as I had counted on," sold Zeb; and arter a leetle mo' he promised that if I could

tay bin on his back he'd let the cubin stand. That was what I wanted, and I stepped out that on that clear spot his cont and flung down his hat, and I seed that he meant to one me rough We danced around a bit, and then be come for me. I was ready for him. and he was on his back befo' you could count ten. It was a fa'r fall, and all the men said so, but the critter got up mad. He'd hin downed by a woman and felt cheap, and he said he'd hev' another try at it. I was willin', and when he caus agin f gm him the tack heel and flop, and he went head over heels and ploughest up the airth. he got up he was the maddest man vo' The boys was a-cheerin' me and a laughin' at him, and he wasn't gwine to hev' it that way. He looks at me a bit, and then sez:

"'Mrs. White, if yo' was a man I'd whop yo'.

"'Yo' needn't mind my sex,' sez I. "'I think I'll cuff yo'r ears to l'arn vo' manners.

"The gang cried out that it wasn't fair to fight a woman, but Abe was mad clear threw, and he cam fur me. I let him play around fur a few minnits, and then tumped in on him and picked him up and throwed him over that stump. He down on his head with a crash, and it was jest half an hour by the clock befo' he was able to climb into his saddle and ride off. He'd hey' burned the cabin quick 'nuff', but themensaid it was a fa'r bargain and sided

'And was that the last of the affair?" I asked of Zeb, as he paused. 'No, not exactly," he replied "He went

away that day, but he'd bin licked by a

'Wuss be durned!' sez he, and he makes a grab fur me and lifts me up. When I was on my feet I lets out fur him, and in five minits he was a licked man. I tied him hand and foot and

and they cum and took him off. When they had cum one of 'em sez to me: " Mrs. White, did yo' do this all alone

"He takes it and looks at it and shakes

'That's all, Mrs. White, I ain't goin

"Tell me how.".
"Vhell, I like to wait and surprise you,

but mebbe she whas all right to tell you now. Did you hear of dot funny paper in Cheecago?' "Which one?"

by der middle of last week one vhay, und by der middle of next week der other way,

and when dot coroner comes around to six

on der body he don't find nottings but some teeth and shoe strings! Sergeant, good-

by. If I don't find dot man und git

some revenge you shall look for me to be

THE COLONEL'S DRINK.

As four or five of us sat talking and moking, Colonel Basil came up the steps

and joined us and introduced himself. After some general talk, he said:

"Gentlemen, lam rather absent-minded at imes, and I beg to be excused if I have

met any of you before and tailed to re-

member it."

We assured him in charas that it was

our first meeting, and he continued:
"I had an indistinct idea that I had

been asked to drink with you, but I am not sure about it. If so, I probably

accepted. If not, then I beg to be ex-

We assured him that none of on took

ever asked him to take a sirink, he having

been a stranger to us until a few min-utes before, nor did we invite him them

to go in and take a nip. He seemed can down for a moment but finally railied

Acceptantisement is a great failing of mine, and I really must try to over-tome it. Now, that I look at you more closely, it seems to me that I was here this afternoon, and introduced myself,

and that the gentleman on the mant rose up and asked as all to take somethin. I

say, it seems so, but I can't be sure. If so -- "

The "gentleman on the right" inver-ropted him to say that he arrived at

the hotel at noon, and the Coknel must therefore be mistaken. "Then I beg your pardon," said our

dent very clearly for several dary after-ward, but it seems that I am off in this

instance. Memory is a trencherous thing when one gets to be my ago."

Something was said about politice, but before the talk had gone far the Colonel

Gentlemen, I beg your parden, but a

He was assured that he asked nothing

"It sometow seemed to me that I had,

of the sort, and, feeling about mais pockets,

and that those of you could do it, and that the gentleman on the left handed me a

quarter to get a drink with and said I could hand it in this evening. If I am

He was in error. The "pentleman on

the left" colembly assured him that no

"Well, I'll take your word for it," sighed the Colonel. "Do you, gentlemen,

usually take a mip about this hour of the

We did not. Our near for taking a

nip had long passed and wouldn't come around again until the next forenoon. The Colored walked over and leowed min-

he harroom and then came back to ear

"Gentlemen, I have an indistinct idea that I have not this count before."

"But I must that I have. At least,

t was a crowd numbering the same and

"No. Colonel, you haven't.

thought has just struck me. Fid I ask may one in this crowd to change a five-

fries burn qu sent

dotlar bill?"

he continued -

in error"---

such thing had happened.

"As a general rule, when I am

"Atsentinindedness is a great failing

found deadt mit some sorrow on my face.*

"She vhas called 'Der Gigantic Shoker und Laugh Maker, and she visas so funny dot vhen you read her you must fall down on der floor-ha! ha! ha!'

"Have you got a copy?" "No. A feller come in my place und tells me all aboudt her. I vhas all alone when he comes in und says vhas I Carl Dunder. I vhas. But vhas all right. He reads of me in the papers, and he cor

one tousand miles to see me. He whas der editor of dot paper." "I see. And what did he want of you?"

"Vhat you belief, ch? He whants me to

write for his paper, and he gifs me one hoondred dollars a week. Dot brings

him here. He says I vhas so fanny dot he must haf my shokes in his paper,

When were you funny?" asked the

"I-I donno; but dot's what he said to

me. He like some shokes right avhay, und so I gif him some. I vhill shpenk

dose shokes to you und you vhill see how

"Vhy whos a man who leaves his

pockethook under his pillow at home like a ship in a storm? Because his wife takes oud! ten dellars before he gets

He didn't take that from you as a

joke, did he?" exclaimed the sergeant, "Of course. When he reads dot shoke

Shildren cry for 'em.'

funny dey whas.

sergeant.

back.

Zeb White, He Tells a Story.

to question the Lord's ways, but if He didn't intend yo' for a man then I never steal another feather bed! 'Pears to me like yo' had better gone to the army and left Zeb home to wash dishes!" "And did they never find you out?"

"Never," replied the old man. made so much fun of Abe bein' licked by a woman that he had to dig out, while as fur the rest of the gang, they hever com a-nigh my cabin ag in. One day, white the ole woman was out after roots, she run ag'in seven of 'em in the woods, and at the sight of her the hull crowd took wings so fast that they left a mewi behind and never cum back for him. We had the use of him for eight y'ars befo' he died. Mebbe yo' took notis of the boy who was yere last night arter nical."

Yes, I did " "Wall, his father was one of the gang Just after the wah closed, but befo' I got home, my ole woman met him in the foat one day and hollered at him. He made ren to the side of the mount in to get away, and started an avalanche and was buried under it. She wanted to ax the time o' day, but he thought she was arter him for a row, and he met his death while flyin' fur his life. Kinder queer, ch? de woman ser the Lord put me up to what I did, but I dumme. Dum't secur to be no Lowd in Tennessee in them days no Lowd 'tall, jest Confeds, and guerrillas and Yanks.

CARL DUNDER,

He Gets a Joh on a Funny Paper at a Hundred Dollars a Week, "Vhell, how you what new" said Mr.

Dunder, as he tiptoed into the station and stood before the fat police sergeant the other afternoon. It's you," mattered the ser-

geant, as he looked up

Yes, she vius me. I vius going by aboudt a nile avhay, you know, und I shout drop in to see if you whas deadt. Last time I whas here I told you I whas going back to Shermany, but I don't go, you see."

"Sergeant, don't you remember how used to be some hayseeds-ha! hat ha! Nottings whas two times alike, und eaferybody shwindles me. "Yes, I remember," answered the ser

genot. "I vhas greenhorns. If a man come to me mit an express package, I pay him seex dollar, and find a big stone in it. If somebody comes, and says I shall run for office, I gifs him ten dollar, und don't see him any more. If a man likes put Carl Dunder in a book mit Sheorge Washington und Grofer Cleveland, I pays him feefty dollars, and nef-

I whas such bayseeds-hat hat hat "Mr. Dunder," said the sergeant, after looking up at the clock and out of the window, "what do you want to see

fer see dot book. It makes me laugh dot

me for?" "I shust like to know if you vas all right,

"There's something else. You have been swindled again!"



he laughs till I had to hit him on der back.

Here whas another "Vhy should a man who has eat some oysters all winter go aveny frem home in der spring! Because he vhants a change of clamate.'

"Great Scott;" grouned the sergeant, "and he took that"

"Vby not? He falls off his shalr when he reads dot shoke, und he says his readers whill be conwulsed for two weeks Here whas one more-"Vhot vhas dot deeference between a

man oop a tree und a man down a hole in der ground? One must come oo und one must come down-ha! ha! ha! "Mr. Dunder," solemnly observed the Sergeant, "did you cash a check for that man-the editor?"

"Of course not. If he says det he likes me to cash a check I take him for a fraud. Oh, no! Carl Dunder whas no sunflower-not dis time" "But you lent him money"

"I-I-vhell, she vhas one boondred dollars a week on dot paper, und he pays her back mit det first salary. He an' say right out dot I shall lend him twenty dollars, but'-"But he got it?"

'Vhell, he haf to go back to Cheecago don't he? If somebody don't pick his pocket he whas all right. He don't whant to take dot money, but I put her in his

"And you helped swindle yourself! Why don't you change your name to Carl Donkey?"

"No! You couldn't write a joke in a hun-

"Und don't I write for his paper at one "Not a line-not a cent! That man simply

the less you know. You ought to have your skull sandpapered. "So-so I vhas tooken in?" gasped Mr. "Und I vhas hayseeds und greenhorns,

"You look out or the cows will bite

"Sergeant, let me shpeak to you. vhas going all oafer town und look for dot man. If he vhasn't here I shall go to Cheecago und find him. alive I shall meet him, und vhen I meet him I shall give him a shoke like dis —

cane?" "Because why?" asked the Sergeant. "Because I shump in on him and shoke him till he vhas black in der face! Den

right here on this veranda, and though Dot makes me laugh, too-hal hal hal I gave them to plainly understand that I was as day as cotten, I am net invited to participate. Yes, gentlemen, I am sure gentlemen, and that I am the only gentlenan here, and that you can all go to gross, and I will buy my own whisky, and by hanged to you!"

Curious Gowns in Germany.

Some of the American women presented at the Berlin court tell extraordinary tales of the gowns were there by German women of rank. One of the rules of the court, prescribes the length of the court trains. which have to be of white satin and are preserved in some of the German families as valuable herricoms. One satin train of the required length and color will serve for a long series of presentations, and some of them bear unnustakable evalences of long use. Another notable feature of the Berlin court functions is the extraordinary hour at which they are held. The presentation commences at 7 o'clock and lasts of

Kentucky Curiosities.

In a little cabin on the Comberland River, in western Kentucky, a boy sixteen years of age has made three or four instruments out of horse hairs and corn stalks. and he plays them wonderfully well. One of the instruments looks like a hurdy-gurdy, but the boy is able to get sweet music on the thing.

The rural editor has seldom ever been known to sue on a subscription account, but listen. "Several of our subscribers with in the last few days have asked us not to bring suit for the subscription due us, and we want to say right here that we shall do a thing of that kind only as a last resort. But we must have our money to pay our own debts, lest some of our creditors bring suit against us."

One of the candidates for jailer in Calloway county publishes a card in the Times offering as an inducement to the voters to buy two bloodhounds at an expense of \$125 and keep them in Murray ready for business as long as he is jailer.

It is said that a nephew of Charles Dickens is an engineer on the Illinois Cer trai railroad, running through Kentucky. and is living in LaSalle, III. His father was August N. Dickens, a younger brother of the novelist, who came to this country about 1856 and became an employe of the

The first cargo of mules ever seen on the Sandwich Islands was carried there by by Pat O'Brien, of Paducah, who is now in



woman and it rankled, and he couldn't abide it. The blamed critter thirsted fur revenge, and one arternoon he cum back yere alone to git it. My ole woman seen him sneakin' in the brush over thar', and so I dressed up in her clothes agin and sot down yere to smoke my pipe and wait. Purty soon he showed up, and, walkin' up

"Mrs. White, cum along with me." ""Kase I'm goin' to tie yo' up and

shmallpox, and vhas all right, eh?" "I want to know what's happened to you?" said the sergeant, as he came out from behind his desk, with a grim smile

tings happens to me? I shust hat some good luck, you know. Don't you worry aboudt Cari Dunder-he vas all right.

on his face. "Vhell-ha! ha! ha! Don't I say not-

pocket. He vhas so glad dot I see tears in his eyes."

"Shwindled! How you mean? Don't write some shokes?"

hoondred dollars a week?" played you for a flat! The longer you live

Dunder, as he stared at the sergeant. "Of course, you were!"

you.'

"Vhy was a dead beat like a hurri-

railroad.

tell anybody so. Now, what do you pay me fer? Fer catching the nigger? No, sitree! The nigger's as good as caught me down, and if it hadn't 'a' been fer now-when it comes to that. You pay me fer knowing how to catch him-that's what you would have swallowed my house and you pay me fer. You send fer the doctor | land." He comes and fumbles around a little, and you have to pay the bill, whether he kills or cures. You don't pay him fer killing or curing; you pay him fer knowing how to | with the fever, Addison Abercrombic, he

Begro quarters to the Abercrombie Place. | might as well tell me that the moon am't The delay that Chanky Riley made pro rented him from meeting them, but it did not prevent him from hearing the marmur of their voices as he struck into the path. There were too far off for Chunky Riley There was a pass If they were the "patterollers" they'd trath, in my opinion and I'm not by catch Anron beyond all question; it would myself, by a long shot-Addison Aber-

be impossible for them to escape So thought Chanky Riley, and so, thinking, be turned and followed the pathtoward the Abererombie Place. He moved rapidly, but cautiously. The scent of the eight be came stronger, the sound of men's grew more distinct. Chunky Riley left the path and skirted through the low pinesuntil he came to the fence that encloses the spring lot. He knew that if he was heard, the men would think that he was a call, or maybap, a mule for the bill on which Aaron had left him was now a part of a great pasture, in which the calves and dry cattle, and, between seasons, the mules.

were allowed to roam at will. Coming to the fence, Chunky Riley would sparks of lighted cigars. Creeping closer and closer, but ever ready to drop on the filey was soon able to hear what the men were saying. He knew the voices of his master and young master, Mr. Gossett-Old Grizzle, as he was called-and George, and he rightly judged that the strange voice mingling with theirs belonged to

-held himself at the service of owners of romawny begroes. Mr. Simmens' average fee was \$15-that to say, when he was "called in time." But in special cases his charge was \$30. When Chattky Riley arrived within earshot of the group Mr. Gossett was just con cluding a protest that he had made against the charge of \$30 which he had reloctantly

agreed to pay for the capture of Aaron. "You stayed at my house today, you'll stay there tonight, and maybe you'll come back to dinner tomorrow. There's the feeding of you and your dogs. on't take any account of that at all. Mr. Gossett's voice was sharp and emphatic His striginess made blin notorious in that region, and gave rise to the saying that Gossett loved a dollar better than he did

Simmons. The man was trying to insult you." of his stingmess than he was of the shabbi-"But, Colonel," remonstrated Mr. Jim way. Don't you reckon you could tell when Simmons, "didn't you send for me? Didn't you say, 'Glad to see you, Simmons; walk anybody was trying to insult you? That right in and make yourself at home?' You was the time I come to you." right in and make yourself at home?' You did, for a fact.'' He spoke with a drawl that irritated the snappy and emphatic Mr.

Gemeett. "Why, certainly, Simmons; certainly, I did. I mentioned the matter to show you that your charges are out of all reason in | pride and gratification in his voice, "When this case. All you have to do is to come here with your dogs in the morning, skirt around the place, pick up his trail, and there you are " 'But, Colonel," insisted Mr. Jim Sim

'ain't it a plum' fact that this nigger's been in the woods a month, or seech a | doing of favors." matter? Ain't it a plum' fact that you've tracked him and trailed him with your own dogs?-and good dogs they are, and I'll Then he laughed and continued: "Yes, tell snybody so. Now, what do you pay | Colonel, I borrowed the money from you,

othing but a tater pudding."

"What do you see in the man," Mr. Gossett asked with some irritation in There was a pause as though Mr. to know whether they were white or Simmons was engaged in getting his black, but just as he turned into the path thoughts together. Finally he said: "Well, to go to Gessett's the scent of a cigar | Colonel, I don't reckon I can make it to go to be series to the paused and plain to you, because when I come to timidated. He bayed them more fleroely, scratched his head again. He knew by the talk about it I can't grab the identical finally retreated toward the spring, stopscratched his head again. He knew of the
scent of the eight that the voices he heard helonged to whate men, but who were they? mind. But I'll tell you what's the houest the fonce.

shoe leather. That's what." "Humphi" grunted Mr. Gossett.
"Yes, airree!" persisted Mr. Simmons, warming up a little. It makes no difference there you see him, nor when you see him, nor how you see him, you can up and say The Lord has made many men of many minds and many men of many kinds, but not sence Adam has He made a better man than Addison Ambercrombie. That's the way I look at it. Colonel. I may be wrong

but if I am I'll never find it out in this Plainly Mr. Gossett was not prepared to hear such a tribute as this paid to Addison Abercrombie, and he winced under it. have cussed it, but the voices were louder | He beamed and hawed, as the saying is now, and he caught a glimpse of the red and changed his position on the fence. He was thoroughly disgusted. Now there was disagreement between Mr. Gossett and ground and run away on all fours, Chunky Mr. Ambercromble-no quarrel, that is to say-but Gossett knew that Abercrombie regarded him with a feeling akin to con tempt. He treasured in his mind a remark that Abercrombie had made about him the day he bought Aaron from the negro speculator. He never forgot nor forgave My Jun Simmons, who, with a trained pack | it, for it was an insinuation that Mr. Gossett

of bounds-'nigger dogs' they were called in spite of his money and his thrifty ways, was not much of a gentleman. On this particular subject Mr. Gossett was somewhat sensitive, as men are who have doubts in their own minds as to their standing. Mr. Gossett had an idea that money and "prop'ty," as he called it, made a gentleman; but it was a very vague

idea, and queer doubts sometimes pestered him. It was these doubts that made him "touchy" on this subject.

"What has this great man ever done for you, Simmons?" Mr. Gossett asked, with contemptuous snort. "Not anything, Colonel, on the top of the green globe. I went to him once to borrow some money, and he wanted to lend it to me without taking my note and with out charging me any interest. I says to him, says 1, 'You'll have to excuse me

That was right; you did perfectly right

"Bot. Colonel, he didn't go about it that

"I charged you interest, didn't I, Sim "You did, Colonel, fer a fact," "I'm this kind of a man, Simmons," re marked Gossett with a touch of sincere I do business with a man I do business

When I do him a favor it must be outside o business. It's mixing the two things up that keeps so many people poor. "What two things, Colonel?" gravely inmous, with his careless, trritating drawl, quired Simmons. "Why the doing of business, and-er-the

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Simmons, as if a great light had been turned on the matter. andjust about that time the fever taker

"Is that so?" inquired Mr. Gossett. "Ask my wife," replied Mr. Simmons. "One day, while I was out of my head

"Oh, no! no! no! When I was some greenshorns I vhas took in, but nobody can fool me now. So you don't haf der